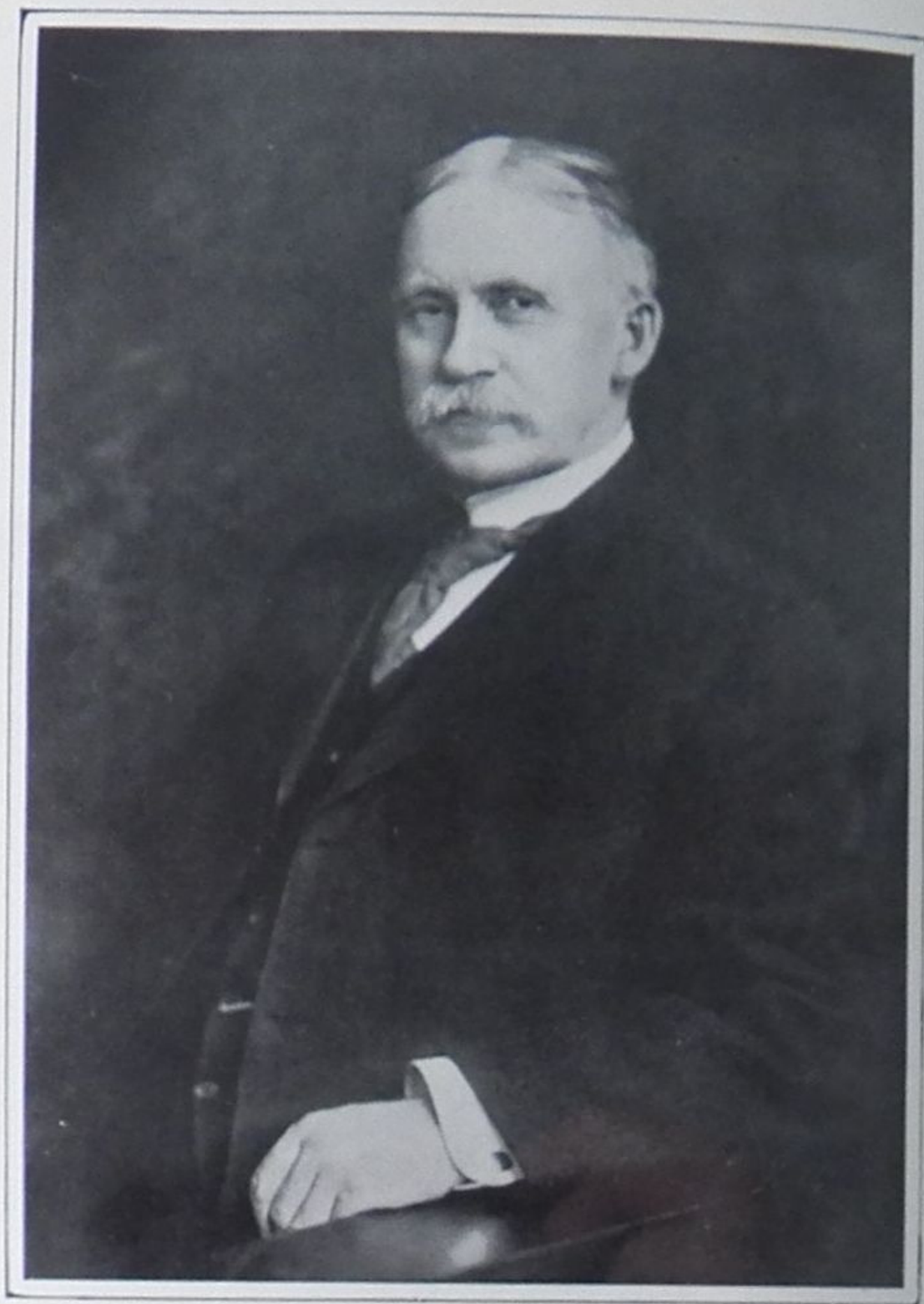


The
Frances Shimer
Quarterly

January, 1911

Mount Carroll, Illinois





PRESIDENT HARRY PRATT JUDSON, A.M., LL.D.
The University of Chicago

The Frances Shimer Quarterly

PUBLISHED BY
THE FRANCES SHIMER SCHOOL IN MARCH, JUNE, OCTOBER, AND JANUARY

VOLUME II Mount Carroll, Illinois, January, 1911 NUMBER 4

Board of Editors, 1910-11

JEANNE BOYD, College, Editor-in-Chief

JULIA SWORD, College

WINIFRED SEEGER, '11

RUTH BAUME, '13

ELDONNA JOHNSON, '12

CAROLYN GREEN, '14

Subscription rates 50 cents a year; single copies 15 cents.

Address all communications to the *Frances Shimer Quarterly*.

?

To Friends with Money:

This School has room for 100 house pupils, *and no more*. So far this year the number in the buildings has varied between 90 and 99!! We could have had more if there had been space to house them. Further development of this School must stop, unless help comes quickly. Shall our progress be checked for lack of \$10,000 a year for five years?

Sincerely,

WILLIAM P. MCKEE, *Dean*

Woman, Herself

BY W. J. PEACOCK

Man, rather than woman, is the stickler for forms, and in no particular has he shown his weakness more than in his observance of the Elizabethan folly which regarded woman as a "sweet thing" to be raised on bon bons and shielded from cruel realities. But the thing amounted to insult when woman, made dependent upon man for a living, felt compelled to accept this patronizing estimate and began to act the part of the "sweet thing."

It is the surprise of a man's lifetime to discover woman, herself. More science than wit is couched in the clever *mot*, "Woman: our equal, once our superior!" And if woman, wise or innocent, were determined upon demonstrating feminine superiority, she would have Nature to deal with. Any exaggerated status invites reaction. Woman already has an illustration in the average man's end of courtship when he becomes acquainted with his wife.

Society's present need regarding woman, comprised in a word, is herself. Once again timid man must placate the spirits by admitting that woman may be laughing at man, plying whip and brake while he handles the reins, permitting him to frame the laws while she "fixes" the jury. Worse yet, the spirits may have discovered warfare between the sexes, not an open conflict, to be sure, but an armed truce which ignores guerrilla work on both sides. Evidence is produced that the public mind is largely feminine, that our laws burn over suffering, not injustice, that our theologies are sentimental rather than ethical, that art is superficially feminine, that literature pampers the taste for fiction. The world's markets, as revealed by current advertising pages, are controlled by woman's wants.

But in any event woman will not resent man's wish that she be herself. He is only reciprocating in kind. Woman's faith in man has always nerved him for war and his achievements have never excelled her vision. And woman will never reach her best without the faith of man. He must always dream impossible things and she, never trifling with his simplicity, must dare to be herself.

Now it must be admitted that in what he considers woman's weakness, man discovers himself an unwitting cause. He is fortified though humbled by the contribution of that pioneer worker, Mrs. Stetson, who coined the expression "over-sexed" and declared that woman is more "feminine" than the Creator intended. Many feminine traits, far from marks of sex, are the makeshifts of woman robbed of her place in the world. Many of these traits are marks of servitude. Her economic dependence upon man, not "love," has made woman the over-feminized creature men coddle and pity.

The thing that disillusioned man is the discovery of woman, herself. Indeed, woman, herself, is a surprise to civilization. Without apologies she writes the textbook of freedom, inspires the Red Cross, founds the White Ribbon movement, establishes Hull House, and takes charge of a municipal school system. Without prudery or mystery she faces

THE FRANCES SHIMER QUARTERLY

social corruption and starts redemptive processes by her moral initiative. Time and again when men are certain that everything is going to the dogs, woman institutes house-cleaning and makes room for a new public opinion. There is abundant precedent for the hope that woman may yet become the arbiter of our social destiny. When the Medes and Persians become entangled in their own unchangeable laws the Queen plans a banquet and things take a new start. In American history the program of anti-slavery did not claim the stage until *Uncle Tom* touched men's hearts. And we do not forget in our brave rallies against intemperance the little woman who spoke first. Since then "Mollie and I" have been killing the bear.

Woman, herself, with a native conscience for the right, may feel the facts which man is trying to resolve. Like Joan, she makes a cause attractive. Woman, herself, ignoring policy, puncturing shams, crossing conventional ruts, becomes an irresistible leader, an incarnation of the thing the world knows to be right.

¶ All these considerations emphasize the importance of woman's education in the social sciences. We become acquainted with ourselves, discovering the factors in our environment. We are prepared for responsibility by understanding the nature of society. Let woman study the established order and then challenge its right to place her anywhere, determined to find her true mission.

¶ For instance, take the trite saying, "Woman's sphere is the home." Does the phrase express the whole truth? Who trained society to believe it, and what does it amount to at length? Did man in his economic importance point out woman's place within four walls, as Mrs. Stetson shows, where her information, her ideas, her thought-processes, and her judgment have become limited? Has this half-truth magnified the personal only to ignore the general? Is woman exaggerating in her devotion to her own family to the extent of weakening herself for the problems of corporate welfare? Could woman's suffrage be more of a peril to the community than woman's present indifference to American politics? Is it not a greater task to make the American woman want suffrage than it will be to secure it when she does want it?

Woman's sphere is her part in everything that concerns human welfare, science as well as art, native land as well as home, public law as well as personal morality, social ethics as well as individual conscience. Her interest in a child's education applies to the election of school boards. Her support of the church may reconstruct its theology. Woman's sphere is an elastic area. As yet she has not asked for a tithe of her own.

The province of a school like ours is to educate a girl in the atmosphere of reality. Its ideal is to discover woman to herself, to develop her talents for the tasks of society. Woman, herself, is the need of the times. As more than herself she is a menace, a feminizing peril. As less than herself she is a drag. As herself she becomes the balance society needs. She is a much-wanted pioneer in the application of modern intelligence to social welfare.

Snow

"Say, Mother dear, who makes it snow?"
Small Bobbie asked one day.
And Mother said, "Why, don't you know?"
You see it's just this way.

"Old Mother Goose up in the sky,
Looked down and saw the ground
All bare, and said 'I don't see why
Some blanket can't be found.'

"And so she pulled the feathers out
Of all her geese so white,
And threw them down, in utter rout,
Upon the earth last night."

ELDONNA JOHNSON.

Why the Snowflakes Sparkle

The snowflakes covered bush and tree,
As far on all sides as the eye could see.
And the sun with grey clouds covered o'er,
Laughed to himself, and then laughed some more.

As he laughed to himself, so hard laughed he,
That he pushed thro' the clouds so that he could see,
What the clouds so grey that occasioned his mirth
Had done to change this jolly brown earth.

And when he had pushed thro' the clouds so grey,
He beheld the earth all happy and gay
Dressed in a new winter gown so white
That she had donned in the previous night.

And so into each snowflake's white heart,
The sun sent a tiny golden dart
In the form of a little sunbeam rare
That shone and glittered and sparkled there.

These little golden sunbeams rare
That decked out the earth with jewels so fair
Rest on the snowflakes on bush and tree
As far on all sides as the eye could see.

DOROTHY CREAGER.

A Period in the Library

When I reached the library this morning five or six impatient girls pounced on me with the words, "Hurry up!" I wondered how long their "thirst for knowledge" would last after they did get in. Everyone was soon deep in study and not a sound was heard until three girls who seemed very enthusiastic about a poem on snow which they were writing for English, began to compose their verses, much to the amusement of those who had been so eager to study. I called order, and once again silence reigned. More girls kept coming, and the mumbling, which I was informed concerned lessons, increased. Paper was torn and crumpled, pens scratched busily, pencils moved swiftly, important trips were made to the dictionary and to other books of reference. All were intensely interested and studious except for an occasional moment when a girl "just couldn't wait" to tell her friend some bit of school gossip. Suddenly the bell rang, and with a shuffling of feet, a scraping of chairs, and a babbling of voices these studious girls departed only to make room for more.

IVY L. CALDWELL.

A Review of the Essay "Dr. Johnson" in "*Obiter Dicta*"

It was a great pleasure to me to find that one of the essays in Mr. Augustine Birrell's *Obiter Dicta* was about the life and writings of Samuel Johnson. Like many other readers, I find more of interest in his hard, sad life than in his sometimes tiresome writings. To see how much there is in his life which really interests and fascinates, it is necessary to read only a few pages of Boswell's famous biography. Few of the present generation read Johnson, but Boswell is enjoyed by an ever-increasing circle of readers.

The introduction to the essay is short and interesting. The author's admiration for Johnson is at once felt. We are told what Johnson's estimation of criticism was, and then the criticism of his work is taken up. But before his writings can be understood and adequately judged something must be known of his life, how his struggles and successes compared with those of other writers. This comparison is made with Carlyle, because the statement has been made that Carlyle is greater than Johnson, and Mr. Birrell wishes to prove that this is not true. In the discussion which follows, the worth and excellence both of Johnson's work and of his personal character appear higher than ever. The author says that while both men had the same endowments, tempestuous natures, and hard lots, Johnson came forth victorious, while Carlyle did not. Johnson's faults are not lightly passed over, but they are treated in such a way that we feel pity rather than disgust for his failings. His jealousy of the success of Garrick and Burke, while he remained poor and almost unknown, is not to be wondered at.

Johnson's writings are treated in an interesting way and as far as possible in their chronological order. The poetry is discussed first, and those who have never before appreciated or felt any interest in it, cannot help doing so when they read Mr. Birrell's criticism and the quota-

tion which he gives from "The Vanity of Human Wishes." There is in this poem so much of pathos, so much that is descriptive of the writer's own hard struggles, that the reader says with Mr. Birrell "If this be not poetry, may the name perish!" An example of a lighter poem written in the style of Burns is also given.

Of the tragedy *Irene* little is said. We are told that Johnson himself fully realized its defects and quietly accepted its failure. In spite of his quietness, however, he must have felt a keen disappointment. It would have meant so much to him, poor as he was, if the play had succeeded financially, as those of his contemporaries did. And he must have had hopes of its success when he wrote it.

The prose is treated more fully as its importance demands. The principal characteristics are said to be, not the long words and ponderous style so often considered as the principal characteristics, but the good sense, good humor, vigorous language, and rapidity of movement from one idea to another. This is illustrated by a quotation from the *Preface to Shakespeare*, and we feel that the author has proved the point conclusively. A good example is given of Johnson's humorous style, too, and we feel great respect for one who could write in so cheerful a way when his life was so full of hardship. Little attention is given to the historical prose found in the concluding paragraphs of his *Preface to his Dictionary*. The sincerity and emotion of the style are compared to Dr. Newman's. *The Lives of the Poets* is treated in so interesting a way, and the good points are so clearly brought out, that the reader feels a strong desire to read the work. Attention is drawn to the fact that the poorer and more obscure the poet, the kinder is Johnson's treatment of him, the harsh words being reserved for Shakespeare, Milton, and Gray.

His political pamphlets demand some attention, and the author ably defends his political views, which have been generally misunderstood. In a few clearly written paragraphs we are convinced that Johnson was neither a Tory nor a Whig. He was indifferent, but this indifference was caused by his melancholy temperament rather than by a lack of interest in mankind. He was always quick to resent any interference with men who were doing no harm. What he did write concerning political questions is forceful and to the point.

Any discussion of a writer's work would be incomplete without a few words concerning his letters. Unfortunately the best-known of Johnson's letters are very formal, but there are many others not so well known which are written in a familiar and readable style. His letters are in no way below the standard of his other writings.

The conclusion of the essay is brief and well written. From the excellence of Johnson's work, the author is certain that his literary fame is secure. From the study of the preceding paragraphs of the essay, we cannot disagree with this opinion.

This essay seems well proportioned and clearly written. It seems unnecessary in the pages concerning Johnson's personal character to mention the numerous small debts which he owed and never paid. Perhaps this cannot be considered a serious fault, as a truthful biographer always tells the faults as well as the virtues of the man concerning whom

he writes. This able criticism has made me feel, not only a greater interest in Johnson's works, but also a greater admiration and pity for the man himself.

JULIA BRITAIN.

The New Year in Japan

Many of the Japanese don't know what Christmas is, though a great number are becoming Christian every year; so we haven't any big Christmas as this country has. Instead of it we have such a big New Year. The morning of the first day of the year, most of us get up very early, some at one or two o'clock; even if they must take a nap after while, because they say "Anyone who sleeps longer the first morning of the year will be lazy all the days of the year." The breakfast is also early in the morning, about four or five o'clock. As you know we have rice at each meal instead of bread; but at the breakfast table of the first three days of the beginning year we don't take any rice. Those three mornings we have a certain meal. It is a dish of clam soup, mackerel, mizuna (a kind of cabbage), a certain kind of pickles, and mochie (a kind of bread made of glutinous rice). The Japanese are very fond of these. Finishing the breakfast, we dress in gay new kimonos and wear lucky ornaments, gay and shining in honor of the New Year; and most of us go to visit, as we wish to give or to leave the presents for our teachers, friends, and relatives. On this day nobody stays more than five minutes at each place. But to those who live very far out of the city, or in another country, should be written New Year's cards or letters to be sent before the New Year. Also this morning many of us go to the temples as honor to our gods.

The second and third days of the New Year we invite each other as our company at a big dinner and play many kinds of games. The principal game is "Hiyakunin Itsu." It is made of one hundred poems, each poem made by a different famous person; each poem is divided into two parts and copied or printed on two hundred cards. The company is divided into two or more bands and one reads aloud the half of the poetry; and the others watch sharply and pick up the other half of the poetry. This game is very interesting; sometimes the boys and girls almost forgetting their meals and time. Also we have many other New Year's games for little children; shuttlecock and battledore, dominoes, checkers, marbles, hopscotch, alphabet cards, etc.

The fourth day everybody starts to work just a little. But the fifth day is the special holiday for maids and workmen. The house is cleaned, and cooking which could keep several days is done before New Year's, but they are still busy as their mistresses and masters have so many parties. On this day most ladies are cooks.

The seventh day is half holiday. This morning we have a certain kind of vegetable soup for breakfast. This vegetable has the very lucky name, "Nanakusa." The eighth day most schools open after the winter vacation.

The eleventh day is the last holiday in Ichigatsu (January). On

this day the farmers who have horses and cows should wash and clean them, give them good exercises with cheerful yells.

This is the custom at our place where I was born. I don't know about any other places.

MIHOE NOBUHARA.

An Exciting Adventure

One cold wintry day in November, nineteen hundred, my aunt and uncle and I started in a sleigh on a trip from Granite, Oregon, to Cañon City, Oregon. The distance between the two places was nearly twenty-five miles and was considered quite a journey in that mountainous country.

We were obliged to get up about five o'clock in order to make an early start. After eating a hasty breakfast, the hastiness of which we realized more keenly later in the day, we donned all the warm things possible, placed warming stones at our feet, and started off in our one-seated sleigh.

Our plans were to reach, about noon, a certain mining center where my uncle assured us of being able to get a good meal. By leaving this place early in the afternoon it seemed possible enough to reach Cañon City before nightfall.

When we were fairly well started, and just as we were making our first long climb up Dixie Mountain, it began to snow. It snowed harder and harder and the flakes grew larger and larger until finally the trail that had been our guide was blotted out entirely by the new snow. My uncle thought we could follow the blazed trail—a trail the forest rangers make by peeling a small piece of bark off of the trees. But this trail was only meant for persons on horseback and it was quite impossible for our two horses and sleigh to get through. We tried several different methods by which my uncle had found his way at previous times, but only found ourselves wandering around in a sea of snow surrounded on all sides by stately pine and sycamore trees.

After losing our trail we often came into contact with snow-covered rocks and large boulders. These collisions, which seemed to be quite continuous sometimes, proved very disastrous, sending us sprawling out into the deep snow as well as turning the sleigh over and injuring it in a most dreadful manner. Each collision seemed worse than the one before. I generally fell head first into the snow and resented it to the extent of tears. The wind played havoc with my tear-stained face, making it chapped and sore. Besides, it was long past noon and we were hungry, cold, and tired, without the slightest idea when we would reach a lodging place. Horrid pictures of starvation and freezing to death in those lonely mountains became very vivid to me, and I was as miserable as a little girl of ten years could be.

My uncle made several expeditions on foot to try to find out some familiar location. My aunt and I in the meantime were obliged to jump up and down to keep warm. After my uncle had been gone some little time on one of these expeditions, my aunt and I began to get very uneasy and discouraged. Finally we saw him coming quickly around

THE FRANCES SHIMER QUARTERLY

a bend, with a broad smile which told us good news was in store. Those horrid pictures vanished at once and I began to think of a nice warm fire and good things to eat.

Yes, it was good news. He had found a place where the trail was plainly in sight and a cabin could be seen some distance down the mountain. Our sleigh was badly shattered, but we managed to make it do by tying the broken places together.

We reached the trail and the cabin, but found to our distress that the cabin was empty save for a few broken pieces of furniture and bottles. My uncle knew, however, of the cabin and knew the way from it to the mining center before mentioned. We continued our descent down the mountain. It was not snowing on this side; quite the contrary, the snow was melting. The farther down we got the more slushy the trail became and when we at last reached the valley there was no snow in sight, but mud and water in its stead. The horses tugged and pulled but our dilapidated sleigh could not stand the strain and runners and dash-board fell in a broken heap. This made it necessary for us to get out and walk nearly a mile through mud and water before reaching civilization.

It was about seven o'clock when we reached the mining center. We were made as comfortable as possible in a roughly built boarding-house where we remained over night.

The next morning my uncle decided it would be quite an impossibility for us to continue our trip. So in a borrowed lumber wagon we started back to Granite by another route which led us through a town called Sumpter.

The horses were tired but traveled along pretty well, so that by noon we were half way to Sumpter. We had taken a lunch with us this time and ate it along the road. When we started from the mining camp we noticed dark clouds forming, but hoped they would pass over. Fate was still against us, however, for when we were about four miles out of Sumpter the rain began to fall. Before we could reach Sumpter we were thoroughly drenched.

There we were able to stay with friends and after exchanging wet clothes for dry and having something warm to eat and drink we sat around the fireplace and related our stirring adventure much to the delight of our friends.

There we remained over night, the next morning leaving on the stage for Granite, which was fourteen miles away. We reached Granite late that afternoon. Our little log cabin with its cheery big fireplace seemed an "earthly Paradise" and we all felt that we would be quite contented if we never saw Cañon City.

LAURA WOLZ.

Heard in Upper Hathaway

I had just reached the landing of the stairway which led to the elocution practice rooms, when I was stopped by—

"If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him."

The voice suddenly stopped and started out with, "And the wind goes *Woo—oo—oo—oo—*." From other rooms I could hear a medley of pieces; in a weak trembling voice came, "Cursed be my tribe if I forgive him—"; in the next room someone was reciting in a deep tragic voice, "How do you like to go up in a swing?" A fourth girl was diligently improving her technique by a mournful ascending and descending of the scale with, "n-o-m, n-o-m, n-o-m!" and "ring-n-n-n-ng!" I had just reached my practice room, closed the door upon all this confusion of sound, and begun, "In a rough lodge in the wilderness—" when I was interrupted by a voice in the next room, proclaiming, "A boy of ten stood in tattered clothes" and by a voice from the room opposite—"and had on a gown, wrought of golden thistle down." This combination was too much, so I decided to practice voice exercises for a while.

MARY SEAMAN.

Fishing in the Creek

At the breakfast table, the morning after Louise and her mother had arrived at Ted's country home, the boy asked, "Ever been fishing?" Eyeing his fashionably dressed younger cousin, he continued, "I don't mean in a swell boat out on the lake, but down by a creek where there can't nobody see you, if you splash mud and water all over yourself. Gee! but it's fun!"

"Why, no, I don't believe I ever did, just that way," replied the little girl, somewhat timidly. "Why?"

"Just wondered. But say, how'd you like to try it this afternoon?"

"May I?" Louise glanced questioningly at her mother.

"Yes, we can all go, and spend the afternoon in the woods."

Three o'clock found Louise eagerly listening to Ted's thrilling tales of how a crab once caught him by the big toe, and was immediately made a prisoner in a tin can; and how a rattlesnake chased and almost bit him for stirring up its nest, the preceding summer.

"There, I got that line straightened out at last," exclaimed the boy. "Now you hold onto it, while I put the bait on the end. Isn't this a fat little fellow?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Louise, "You don't put live worms on? Why, I thought—"

"Of course I do. It don't hurt 'em. That's all they're good for—is to catch fish with. There! Now let me show you how to throw the line. Do you see that rock sticking out of the water, out there? Well, that's a dandy deep place, and quiet too, you see—the kind of a place that some fishes like to live in. If I can get my line out there, I bet I'll have a bite in—well, they're not always very hungry, so sometimes I have to wait awhile for them. You see, you take hold of the pole down near the end, with both hands, your left hand below your right. Then you brace yourself so you won't tumble over; swing your pole back of you, a little way off to the right, and then flop it 'way over. Hear that little splash? Did you notice how I didn't let the line touch the ground? If I had, I might have lost my worm, and got the hook all full of grass, and the line all tangled up to beat the band."

THE FRANCES SHIMER QUARTERLY

"Do you always do that way? I don't believe I could."

"Oh, no. That's just when you want to get the line away off from you, where the water's deep. Lots of times I just sit on a stone, or under a tree on the bank, drop the hook in the water close to me, and wait till a fish comes along. You have to be awful quiet, then, though—no talking, or you'll scare the fish away. See how straight that line's getting? I've got a bite! Watch me haul it in!" Running up the bank, Ted pulled with all his might until a dark, gleaming, dripping fish struggled in the air.

"Oh! It's going to get off!" exclaimed the girl, running excitedly to the water's edge.

"No, it ain't!" said the boy, triumphantly, "There, I caught him! A two-pounder, I bet. Hold the pole, Louise, while I get the hook out of his mouth. There, now it's your turn."

LILIAN WHITMORE.

A Plea for More Study of the Bible

From the earliest beginnings of our national history, people came to America to avoid religious persecution. Even in this wild and undeveloped country all did not find the freedom of worship which they sought. We read that Roger Williams was driven from Massachusetts because he believed that, in religious affairs, every man was responsible to his own conscience only. Later, at the forming of the New England Confederacy, Williams' colony, Rhode Island, was, in a sense, ostracized because it tolerated within its boundaries not only Christians of any and every sect, but Jews, pagans, and even men of no religious belief. Gradually, however, toleration like that in Rhode Island became more or less common in all of the colonies. By the time of the framing of the Constitution of the United States, religious and civil affairs had become so entirely separate that complete freedom of worship and creed was granted to each and every individual by the supreme law of the land. To the effect of this law and to the ever-growing spirit of self-sufficiency which is characteristic of all America, we may assign the growing lack of interest in the study of the Bible, noticed by many American citizens.

Although history may account for existing conditions, we cannot make either history or the conditions an excuse for not studying the Bible. We may consider the Bible uninteresting, but we cannot say that the study of the Bible is not essential if we aspire to the highest culture which our age affords. The longer we live, the more shall we find it necessary to an appreciation of all that is best in art, in music, and in literature.

If, for example, we review briefly the progress which has been made in the field of art, we find that, until recently, art has been neglected in America. We boast, however, that our taste in art is improving. Art galleries are becoming more numerous; copies of famous pictures are being bought at fabulous prices; and noteworthy works of art are being produced by our own artists. In spite of these facts, how will the mere

possession of the masterpieces of Titian, of Raphael, or of Michel Angelo be of any use to us? How will a "Sistine Madonna," a "Head of Christ," or any of the pictures illustrating Bible stories aid in the development of our appreciation of the beautiful unless we know something of the divine inspiration under which the artists worked? How can we know what inspiration is responsible for the "Madonna" if we do not know the story of the Virgin Mother and the Holy Child? How shall we see all the artist has put into the face of Christ unless we know of his life, with its meekness, its purity, and its suffering? And where can we gain a knowledge of these things if not by the study of the Bible?

The study of the Bible is no less essential when we turn our attention to the study of music. If we are sufficiently interested to trace the growth of the musical system in use at the present time, we find that it was directly influenced by the temple music of the Jews, who considered it a direct communication with God. Passing on to the early Christian music, we learn that the first singing schools in Rome were established to supply the choir singers in the churches of Constantine. Many of the hymns which they sang were arrangements of the Psalms, which were sung responsively. Most of the great composers, whose work aided in the development of music, were chapelmasters or organists in churches. Naturally, therefore, they wrote religious music and often chose Bible stories to be set to music for each special church service. If they had not chosen their texts from the Bible, it is quite probable that we should never have had the many beautiful "masses," Bach's "Passion Music," Handel's "Messiah," Haydn's "Creation," the "Samson and Delilah," and many other beautiful oratorios and operas. How shall we conceive that the masters were inspired to write music suitable to this text if they did not draw the divine spirit from the study of the Bible itself? If they found the inspiration for their compositions in the Bible, must we not study it also if we are to be able to interpret them to the greatest satisfaction?

Although art and music may hold but passing charms for us, literature is an absolute necessity if we are to gain from living anything except a mere existence. In this realm, also, we are seriously handicapped if we are deprived of a knowledge of the Bible. In our early childhood, we find the stories of David and Goliath, of Joseph's many-colored coat, of the Star of Bethlehem, of the Child in the Manger very interesting. Later in life, we can see no point to the story of *Pilgrim's Progress*, if we take away the Biblical foundation upon which it rests. Lamb's *Essays of Elia* contain many pithy statements whose force is lost if we do not understand the Bible references. Some of the best novels have been written to show the results of disobedience to God's Law. We are completely unable to enjoy Milton's *Paradise Lost* if we cannot bring to it a prior knowledge of the Bible.

The history of nations has been influenced from the very beginning by the interpretation men have given to the Bible. The meaning men have ascribed to it has been the cause of reformations and counter-reformations and of numerous religious wars. How shall we understand and study history intelligently if we do not first study the Bible?

THE FRANCES SHIMER QUARTERLY

With such testimony before us, how shall we consider Bible-study of secondary importance? How shall we say to our teachers, least of all to our Sunday-school teachers, "Teach us anything except the Bible"? How can we be content to go through life with our senses blinded, seeing only the outer forms of beauty, hearing only the mechanical sound of divine rhythm, and reading only the empty words of grand and noble messages, when we may, if we will, fill our hearts and souls with true and living art, music, and literature by means of a deep and appreciative study of God's Word? May the time soon come when our nation as a whole will realize the value of a thorough study of the Bible!

IONA BICKELHAUPT.

My Most Thrilling Experience

When I was in the first grade at school I came into the room rather late one morning, and as usual found a crowd of girls around the teacher's desk.

"Hurry up, Lucile," they called, "We have something to tell you." So I quickly took off my wraps and went up to the desk.

"What do you think?" they said. "Teacher has a catalogue and it says if you sell a certain number of these perfectly beautiful perfumed hearts, you can get a cuckoo clock."

I was all excitement by this time, for when I was a little girl my greatest ambition was to "sell things." I decided not to say anything to mother about this, for I knew she would not want me to sell them. Nevertheless, the hearts were ordered and every day for two weeks I would ask if they had come.

Finally I was told they had come and all that day I could not study. As soon as school was out in the afternoon, Teacher distributed the hearts and we all went in different directions. At one place I rapped on the door and was told to come in. The lady that lived there was a very good friend of ours, and I knew she could hardly keep from laughing when I said:

"Good afternoon, isn't it nice out? Say, I have the most beautiful perfumed hearts to sell. You can wear them on a ribbon around your neck and they make everything smell nice."

She said she would take two, and now I know she only took them to please me, as she would never wear anything like that. I had many other funny experiences. I think I sold about twenty hearts and I certainly was a mighty proud little girl. The hearts sold at ten cents each and I was afraid someone would take my money, for I had never in my life had so much before. When mother put me to bed that night she noticed that I cast anxious glances around the room, but she refrained from saying anything. I had the money tied in a handkerchief and slept with it under my pillow. I don't remember how I slept that night, but I think very well and no doubt I dreamed of twenty ten-cent pieces. The next day with much pride and with a sigh of relief I delivered the money to teacher. I now looked forward to the day when the wonderful clock should come.

Two weeks passed and I was beginning to feel anxious, when one morning I walked into the room and there was the clock! Imagine my delight as I handled it with much care. Next came the task of putting it up, but alas! the clock would not run and I went home crying, vowing I would never again do anything without mother's permission.

LUCILE HIRSCH.

My First Christmas Tree

One of the most vivid impressions received in my rather eventful life was of my first Christmas tree. I have had many exciting things happen since, but none of them has blotted out the memory of my joy and delight, when, as a very small child, I beheld for the first time, a Christmas tree.

Christmas Eve I had been sent to bed early, and, lying alone in the dark upstairs, mysterious sounds and subdued voices floated up to my straining ears. I listened intently, but could make nothing of the jumbled sounds, and at every creak of a board I had a queer, fluttery feeling around my heart, imagining it to be Santa Claus, on his way to leave me presents if I had been good, and switches if I had been naughty.

I felt pretty sure of the presents, however, as, for several weeks, I had been a model of good behavior. A mere "Santa Claus will see you" was enough to make me stop doing any forbidden thing, no matter how much I wished to do it.

At last after much tumbling and tossing, I got to sleep, with mysterious sounds still ringing in my ears. I soon awakened, and, after repeated calling, heard my mother say, "Do be still, child, it is only two o'clock." With a sigh for my deferred pleasure, I turned over and was soon fast asleep.

When I next opened my eyes and began to call to my mother, I heard my father say in a rather reluctant voice, "Well, I guess we can't put her off any longer, so we might as well get up."

I hopped out of bed, and, with my mother's help, piling on the first things that came to my hand, I was soon dressed. My father and mother each taking one of my trembling hands, we started to go downstairs, where my surprise awaited me.

It would be impossible to attempt to describe my joy and delight when I first saw the tree with its myriads of twinkling lights and strings of glittering tinsel, but my bewildered and happy look was an ample recompense to my parents for all the labor spent.

IRENE JOHNSON.

Lectures

A series of lectures are being delivered to us this year by Professor Raymond, of Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois. All the lectures are illustrated with stereopticon views. There will be in all four lectures. On November the seventh, Professor Raymond talked in a very interesting way on *Portugal*.

THE FRANCES SHIMER QUARTERLY

Recitals

Two informal recitals were given by pupils of the vocal and expression departments early in November. The vocal recital was held in Miss Howard's studio in Dearborn Hall and the elocution recital under the direction of Miss Barnes, in College Hall parlor. Both were very pleasing entertainments.

Glee Club Concert

On Monday evening, December fifth, the Glee Club and Orchestra made their first public appearance. The program rendered consisted of three selections by the orchestra, three by the Glee Club of forty-eight voices, and two by a double quartette. A special feature of the evening was a Japanese scene of three choruses and two solos given by the double quartette in costume. The solos were sung by Helen Erbe and Laura Wolz.

Christmas Recital

The annual Christmas recital given by the more advanced pupils of the piano and vocal departments took place Monday evening, December twelfth. The recital was a good one, showing the musical talent that is found in the school this year. The program was as follows:

The Daily Question	MISS NONA HAKES	Meyer-Helmund
Valse Aragonaise	MISS HOLBERT	Thomé
Sing, Smile, Slumber	MISS VESTA MARTIN	Gounod
Study	MISS ENGELBRECHT	Wollenhaupt
The Irish Folk-Song	MISS ASCHENBRENNER	Foote
La Cinquantaine	THEODORE MILES	Gabriel-Marie
Aria from Faust: Lovely Flowers, I Pray	MISS WOLZ	Gounod
The Eagle	}	MacDowell
From a German Forest		
Winter		
	MISS WILLARD	
Birds in the High Hall Garden	MR. HISSEM	Somerville
Introduction and Rondo	MISS MARTIN	Kalkbrenner
The Nightingale's Song	MISS ERBE	Nevin
Etude de Concert	MISS BOYD	MacDowell

THE FRANCES SHIMER QUARTERLY

Chapel Diversion

- October 21. Valse Aragonaise *Thomé*
CHARMION HOLBERT
- October 22. Moonlight Sonata *Beethoven*
ANN GRIMES
- November 4. Three Songs from the Rose Cycle . . *Jessie L. Gaynor*
LAURA WOLZ
- November 11. The Fleet *Edwin Vance Cook*
L'Envoi *Rudyard Kipling*
CHARLOTTE COMERFORD
- November 18. Waltz *Wollenhaupt*
FLORENCE ENGELBRECHT
- November 25. Thanksgiving in 1830
JULIA PETERS
How Some Girls Study
LAUREL GILLOGLY
- December 2. Who Is Sylvia? } *Schubert*
Hark, Hark, the Lark }
VESTA MARTIN
- December 9. The South Wind and the Sun . *James Whitcomb Riley*
WINIFRED SEEGER

Diversion Club

"My Cousin Timmy"—or more properly, "Professor Addles"—was the first entertainment given by the Diversion Club, on the twenty-fifth of November. Although it had been given last year it was a great success. This year the cast of characters was filled as far as possible by the same people who played them so well last year, but several of the parts were well taken by new girls. One of the features was the song, "Just a Song at Twilight," sung by a chorus of the "girls" in Miss Alderney's School.

The Orchestra Dance

The dance given by the orchestra Saturday night, November nineteenth, was a great success in every way. Although the Hathaway girls were unable to attend, all who did go had a delightful time. This is the first year we have had an orchestra, and we sincerely hope that it will not be the last.

Expression Class

Miss Charlotte Comerford entertained most delightfully the members of the senior expression class in College Hall on November fourteenth. Before the fireplace a supper was served, after which each guest performed a "stunt." The study bell rang only too soon and the departing guests pronounced Miss Comerford a charming hostess.

THE FRANCES SHIMER QUARTERLY

The Music Students' Entertainment

Miss Knight entertained her music students Saturday evening, December the third, in College Hall. The evening was spent around the open fire and musical games were indulged in. Light refreshments were served.

Thanksgiving Day

When on Thanksgiving morning the girls entered the dining-room, there was an unusual air of excitement, as they had for some time been looking forward eagerly to this holiday. After the breakfast all the girls gathered in the Y.W.C.A. rooms and sang.

At nine o'clock, the time scheduled for the basket-ball game in the gymnasium, everyone rushed to that place. All sat along one side of the gymnasium anxiously waiting for the game to begin and each asking the other for which side she was going to "root." As the two teams, the "reds" in red suits, the "blues" in blue, came out, there was great cheering, and the din of alarm-clocks, tin pans, horns, and the piano was deafening. The game began, and each player played to the best of her ability, and after a hard struggle, and a very exciting game, the "blues" won, with a score of 15 to 13. The game finished, the girls danced for a short time, and then each one went to her own room, and dressed in her best, for the day. The chapel exercises were at twelve o'clock, when the Dean gave a very interesting talk. The special music added greatly to the exercises, and was enjoyed by all.

The Thanksgiving dinner was served at one o'clock. The dining-room was beautifully decorated and the tables were very artistically arranged. There was a separate table for each class, and also one for the specials and one for the Dean and his family. Satin ribbons of the class colors were strung across one end of each class table and at each place there was a dainty little place-card. A large turkey was at the head of each table looking very appetizing to the hungry girls.

The menu was as follows: turkey, potatoes, gravy, peas, cranberries, mince and pumpkin pie, fruit, assorted nuts, and coffee. The toasts, some of which were very clever, were given as the pie was served. Among the best was the one the Juniors gave to the Dean:

"Here's to Dean McKee,
Whose wise and goodly rule
Has caused Frances Shimer School,
A model for all other schools to be."

One of the best that the Seniors gave was this:

"College Hall, they took the lead,
West, they followed closely,
But Hathaway, they did the deed
That caused the trouble, mostly."

When the dinner was finished everyone stood and sang the school song. Then all the girls went to College Hall and spent a very delightful

THE FRANCES SHIMER QUARTERLY

afternoon dancing. The orchestra furnished splendid dance music, and was much appreciated by all.

At seven-thirty o'clock in the evening, the Academy family was invited to attend an informal party, given by the Seniors in the dining-room. Shadow pictures were shown, the girls themselves appearing behind the sheet, and acting out some of the popular songs. After this the following refreshments were served: cider, fruit, popcorn balls, assorted nuts. Chestnuts and marshmallows were toasted over the coals of the grate fire. After a very happy day, the party broke up and the girls returned to their respective halls.

Miss Morrison's Birthday Dinner

On the evening of November fifth, the College girls entertained their counselor, Miss Morrison, at a dinner given at the caterer's in town. The table was decorated with a large bouquet of chrysanthemums, Miss Morrison's birthday gift from the College girls, and the place-cards were hand-painted yellow chrysanthemums. Fried chicken and waffles were the most important feature of the dinner, and everyone felt, on departing, that they had at least eaten enough to bridge over the long time until breakfast.

Senior Notes

Miss Knight entertained the class delightfully at a dinner in College Hall, Wednesday evening, the fourteenth of December.

The Seniors are planning to entertain the school at the annual Washington "Prom," on the Saturday after Washington's birthday.

On account of the illness of her mother, Harriet Wilk was obliged to leave school. Her place as class treasurer was taken by Hazel Hayden.

Thanksgiving evening the Seniors entertained the school with shadow pictures illustrating old folk-songs and popular songs. Cider and popcorn balls were served, and marshmallows and chestnuts toasted at the open fire.

The Junior Prom

The Junior Prom this year was the most unique ever given at Frances Shimer. Although it was, as the others, a masquerade, there were many distinctive features. The Savanna Orchestra was scheduled to start the grand march at seven-thirty, but as their arrival was delayed the Juniors with their guests marched into the gymnasium to a march played by our own orchestra leader, Jeanne Boyd. There were many clever and many comic costumes displayed. One of the most amusing couples was a circus trainer exhibiting his star performer, a lady who rode around the hall on a fiery steed—on wheels. There were a little girl and her Teddy bear, two gorgeously arrayed black beetles, and many others in cleverly planned costumes. One of the most pleasing sights was the twenty-six Juniors who, in their Brownie costumes, led the grand march. The hall was decorated with autumn leaves, shocks

THE FRANCES SHIMER QUARTERLY

of corn, pumpkins, and apples. Through the leaves could be seen a full moon which, aided by the Jack o' lanterns, furnished light for the moonlight dances. During the intermission everybody enjoyed pumpkin pie, caramel ice cream, peanut candy, and cider. There were twelve dances, including a Freshman and a Junior extra. The Junior costumes, refreshments, and decorations, even the yellow moon shining through the brown leaves, carried out the class colors, brown and gold. At nine-thirty, when all but the shouting was over, the onlookers as well as the participants declared that they had had a right royal good time.

The Sophomore and Freshman Party

Miss Bowman, counselor for the Sophomore class, and Miss Green, counselor of the Freshmen, entertained their classes together in the parlor of Hathaway Hall, Saturday evening, the fifth of November. Each girl was given a slip of paper, on which, were she a Sophomore, was written the name of a well-known author, or, in case she were a Freshman, the name of a book. By matching the books and their authors, partners for the evening were found. Next came a peanut hunt, followed by a contest in which all tried to make as many words as possible from the letters in "Freshman" and "Sophomore." Altogether, the evening was spent very pleasantly.

The Freshman's Christmas Party

Saturday evening, December tenth, the Freshmen had a Christmas party in the dining-room in College Hall. Tiny stockings were hung at the fireplace, and mistletoe and a Christmas tree covered with amusing gifts helped carry out the Christmas idea. The baked apples, cookies, candy, and nuts had just the right Christmas taste, and everyone pronounced the party a great success.

Y.M.C.A. Notes

The Bible Class has been organized for the study of Soares' *Heroes of Israel*.

The Thanksgiving "Free Will" offering of \$6.00 was spent for Thanksgiving baskets for the poor.

On the evening of November first, under the auspices of the Association, a recital was given in the school Auditorium by Mrs. Sybil Sammis McDermid.

Jeanne Boyd and Eva Roberts represented our Association at the State Convention in Decatur in November. They gave a very interesting report at the regular prayer meeting, the Friday after their return.

One of the most helpful and inspiring meetings we have had this year was a "Fireside Meeting," led by Hazel Cooper in College Hall. Each girl read her favorite verse, and favorite hymns were sung. Laura

THE FRANCES SHIMER QUARTERLY

Wolz sang "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say." This was the most largely attended meeting of the quarter.

Instead of the regular devotional meeting on the Friday evening before vacation, the girls were invited to bring their fancy work and listen to the reading of Christmas stories. Mary Seaman read William Dean Howells' "Christmas Every Day in the Year," and Agnes Blackmore, Ralph Connor's "The Angel and the Star."

Miss Adams, the Student Secretary of Illinois, spent Sunday and Monday, November twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth with us. She led an interesting Vesper Service Sunday evening and Monday she met each member of the Cabinet and the chairman of each committee, giving to each helpful suggestions for her work. Monday afternoon a reception was given for Miss Adams in College Hall.

Exchanges

The College Greeting is a very attractive paper. We like its appearance and hope it will appear often.

Two very interesting articles may be found in the October and November issues of *The Young Eagle*. One is an article on the late William Holman Hunt, the English painter, and the other is called "Stray Leaves from Junior Academic Sketch Books."

The November number of *The Jabberwock* contains three delightful articles describing "The Parthenon Frieze," "The Hermes of Praxiteles," and the "Orpheus Relief." Reproductions of these three pieces of sculpture are owned by the Girls' Latin School.

The editorials in the October issue of the *Almanack* are excellent and were found good enough to be read by our Dean in chapel. Especially good were those entitled, "Being a 'New Girl,'" and "The College Girl's Room." The October Weather Forecast was clever. Our girls could take one of the items to heart. "October is a first-class month in which to assort your sheet music. In some of them the air is quite bad. Just drop them into the chute, where they will be carried to the hot-air furnace, where they belong."

In response to a wish which we expressed in our September exchange column there found their way to the *Quarterly* office a great many papers from which we have read and taken to heart not a few good articles. We acknowledge, *The Almanack*, Ferry Hall, Lake Forest, Illinois; *The Midway*, University High School, Chicago; *Stephens Collegian*, Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri; *The Young Eagle*, Saint Clara College, Sinsinawa, Wisconsin; *The Mercersburg Academy Literary Magazine*, Mercersburg, Pennsylvania; *The Wellesley Magazine*, Wellesley, Massachusetts; *The Jabberwock*, Girls' Latin School, Boston, Massachusetts; *The Breeze*, Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Massachusetts; *The Picket*, Shepherd College, Shepherdstown, West Virginia; and *The College Greeting*, Illinois Woman's College, Jacksonville, Illinois.

THE FRANCES SHIMER QUARTERLY

The Scattered Family

Miss Lyravine Votaw, formerly instructor in vocal music, has opened a studio in Chicago.

Miss Edwina Myers, class of '08, is now traveling as representative of the H. W. Gossard Co.

Mrs. Josephine Woost Bearden, class of '09, Pekin, Ill., renews her subscription to the *Quarterly*.

Miss Hazel Gibbons, a pupil of last year, is now attending the State Normal School at DeKalb, Ill.

Miss Lina B. James, Lady Principal here for some years, is now in Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa.

The address of Mrs. Bessie Blamer Turney, class of '96, has recently been given us as Rome, New York.

Beulah Rowlands, '08, is taking a course in Kindergarten at the School of Education. She resides in Green Hall.

Miss Fonda Seely, class of '09, is now in the University of Illinois. She sent a subscription for the *Quarterly* recently.

It is reported that Miss Nellie Foster, class of '97, and Mrs. Hazzen and some others are going to Europe next summer.

Miss Louise Wallace, class of '07, sends subscription to the *Quarterly*, and asks that her address be changed to Amboy, Ill.

Mrs. Mary Davis Allanson, a student of the Seminary, sent a contribution to the Educational Aid Association recently.

Miss Harriet A. Lee, formerly instructor in English, is enjoying her work in the department of English in the University.

Miss Alice M. Gibbs, class of '99, asks that her address be changed to Twin Falls, Idaho, where she expects to stay for some time.

Miss G. Kate Ingalls of the class of '88, writes a pleasant letter from Springfield, Ill., inclosing a subscription for the *Quarterly*.

The address of Mrs. Lucy Gillette Rogers, a former student here, has been given us as 732 Haroldway, Hollywood, California.

The address of Mrs. Helen Goff Campbell, wife of Hon. Phillip Campbell, formerly a seminary student, is now Pittsburgh, Kansas.

News was received early in December of the death of Mr. Arthur Hislop, husband of Mrs. Madge Myers Hislop, class of '84, Chicago.

Miss Harriet Wilk was obliged to leave school before the holidays on account of the serious illness of her mother, who is in a sanitarium.

A card was received at holiday time from Mrs. Mabel Newcomer Reichenbach, now of Lincoln, Nebraska, with good wishes for the School.

Miss Ada Casselberry, a pupil in '07-8, was married on January fourth to Mr. Bert Richie of——, Idaho, where they will make their home.

THE FRANCES SHIMER QUARTERLY

Announcement was received some weeks ago of the marriage of Georgia Cory, a pupil of last year, to Richard Kirkland of Cottonwood, Texas.

Mrs. Edna Appleby Schultz, class of '97, Williams, Iowa, has engaged a room for her step-daughter, Lenore Schultz, for the second semester.

Mrs. Hattie N. LePelley of Freeport, who has been housed for some time on account of a broken wrist, followed by "grippe," is able to be out again.

Miss Minnie Whitford writes that she is spending the year at home, where she has a music class. She speaks of the time spent here as "two very happy years."

Miss Edna Peters of Milledgeville, who was in school in '07-8, was married December twenty-eighth to Robert Cowan, in charge of advertising on the *Freeport Standard*.

Mrs. Julia Ingersol Tandy, a teacher in the Seminary, died in Freeport, Ill., at the home of her daughter, Mrs. M. Hettinger, Sunday, December eighteenth, of pneumonia.

The marriage of Elizabeth Gardner, who was in school in '06-7, occurred in Mt. Carroll during the holiday season, to Mr. W. P. Earngey. They are to live in Ithaca, New York.

Miss Mary Hall, Evanston, Ill., Miss Julia Turner, Fremont, Nebraska, and Miss June Briggs, Milwaukee, Wis., students here last year, visited friends in the School at Thanksgiving.

Dean McKee met Miss Hobson at the Convocation in Chicago, December twenty-first. She is carrying four courses in the School of Education. She is in excellent health and spirits.

Miss Bess Hausen of Franklin Grove, Ill., sends a subscription for the *Quarterly*. She has given up her intention to enter school the second semester, but states that she hopes to return next year.

Miss Ruth Earhart of Chrisman, Ill., a college girl of last year, and her friend, Miss Lucile Holden, also a college girl, are expecting to enter the School at the beginning of the second semester.

Miss Eva Roberts and Miss Jeanne Boyd, college, were the representatives of the Young Woman's Christian Association of the School at the Annual State Convention in Decatur in November.

Miss Edith Sawyer, class of '09, writes that she and her sisters, Alta and Eva, are all teaching this year. She speaks of the fact that this is the first time in five years that no member of their family is in the School.

Mrs. Edward LePelley leaves Freeport Monday, January sixteenth, for an extended trip south with Mr. LePelley and friends from Freeport. They expect to spend some time in New Orleans and vicinity, and later to go on to Panama and view the canal works.

Mention of the death of Oscar F. McKenney, husband of Mrs. Anna Lou Fisher McKenney, which occurred in July, was omitted by mistake

THE FRANCES SHIMER QUARTERLY

from the October *Quarterly*. This was specially sad because of the fact that Mrs. McKenney was abroad at the time.

Mrs. Jessie Hall Miles, class of '87, has recently placed in the School library a piece of statuary, a Rogers group, representing Lincoln, Stanton, and Grant, as in a council of war, and also a case of birds mounted by Dr. Shimer containing some very beautiful specimens.

An interesting program was received from Miss Edith Gould, Eaton, Ohio, of Miss Gould's "Young Folk's Recital" given November nineteenth. The *Quarterly* also received wishes for a prosperous 1911 from Miss Gould, who, with her sister, was a student of the Seminary.

Rosabel Glass, '99, who received the degree of Master of Arts from the University of Washington last year, is now taking work leading to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Columbia University. She hopes to visit the School during the Commencement exercises in June.

A letter from Mrs. Etta Wood Gove, class of '81, a niece of Mrs. Shimer, received November sixteenth, 1910, was of special interest owing to the fact that it was written on a letter head of 1881, with a picture of the Seminary buildings and an advertisement of the "Oread" thereon.

Mrs. Winona Branch Sawyer of Lincoln, Nebraska, is hoping to have a reunion of the class of 1871 in connection with the commencement of 1911. All of the members of the class of ten, excepting one, are living, and she hopes she can get them all to come to the School for commencement.

Mrs. Hazel Eddy Utley, a student here in '02-3, sends a subscription for the *Quarterly*, and writes of seeing Elizabeth Adams McGinnis, who lives near her, often, and of the little six-months-old daughter of her sister, Mrs. Harriet Eddy Parker, and of her own little son, John Eddy Utley, born last July.

A recital was given by Miss Laura Ada Wolz, class of '11, soprano, and Miss Jeanne Margaret Boyd, class of '11, medal course in piano, pianist, at the first Congregational Church, Fremont, Nebraska, December thirtieth, which is highly spoken of by the Fremont papers. The program contained two numbers composed by Miss Boyd.

Miss Zella Corbett, '10, college, is now a Junior in Knox College, Galesburg. She received full credit for all the work done here in the Junior College Department at Knox College, without examination, and entered there admitted to the Junior class in the college. This is an indication of the estimate Knox College puts on the Junior College work of the Frances Shimer School.

The School received a very beautiful Christmas present from Mrs. Francis W. Parker, Chicago, of the class of '79. It is a splendid photograph, beautifully framed, of the Cathedral of Florence, a fit companion for the photograph of the Cathedral of Amiens presented by the pupils a year ago, and is now hanging on the opposite side of the Auditorium. Mrs. Parker, with her family, are about to depart for an extended trip abroad.

THE FRANCES SHIMER QUARTERLY

A letter from Miss Babette Samelson, who was a student here for several years, incloses subscription for the *Quarterly*, and states that she spent last year in Washington, D.C. At present she is attending Columbia University, New York, for lecture courses. She speaks of seeing Nellie Odbert, class of '07, in Chicago last summer just before she left for her Junior year at Smith College, and also of seeing Lela Moore, class of '08, at the same time.

Miss Marie Roos, who, with her sister Elsie, was in school in 1904, writes that she and her sister spent the summer abroad, visiting, among other places, Oberammergau. She speaks of taking training at the Chicago Kindergarten College, and of her pleasure in learning that Mrs. J. N. Crouse, one of the principals of the college, was at one time instructor here. Miss Roos is at present teaching in a kindergarten and her sister is spending the winter in Florida.

The following, clipped from the *Chicago Record-Herald* of November sixteenth, refers to a former student of the Seminary: "Humphrey Henry Clay Miller who died November fifteenth of pneumonia, was a veteran and well-known Chicago lawyer, and for many years was prominent in the affairs of Evanston. From 1887 to 1890 he was mayor of Evanston; from 1883 until his death, he was president of the Board of Education of the suburb, and since 1895, he headed the Civil Service Commission. He was second vice-president of the Northwestern University board of trustees, a member of the University Club, Chicago, the Union League Club, the Evanston Club, the Glenview Golf Club, and the Evanston Golf Club. He was a member of the First Methodist Church of Evanston and a member of the official board. He was also vice-president of the State Bank of Evanston."

